

OUR DUMB

NOVEMBER

1949

Animals



"ONCE UPON A TIME . . ."

—Photo, Franklin Bassett

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



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Animals

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Dissension in the Family

HUMANE Societies, like a great many human beings, do not always find it easy to travel the same road. Toooften they part company because, while the ultimate goal may be the same, the ways to reach it become subjects of controversy and not infrequently cause, if not hostility, at least alienation.

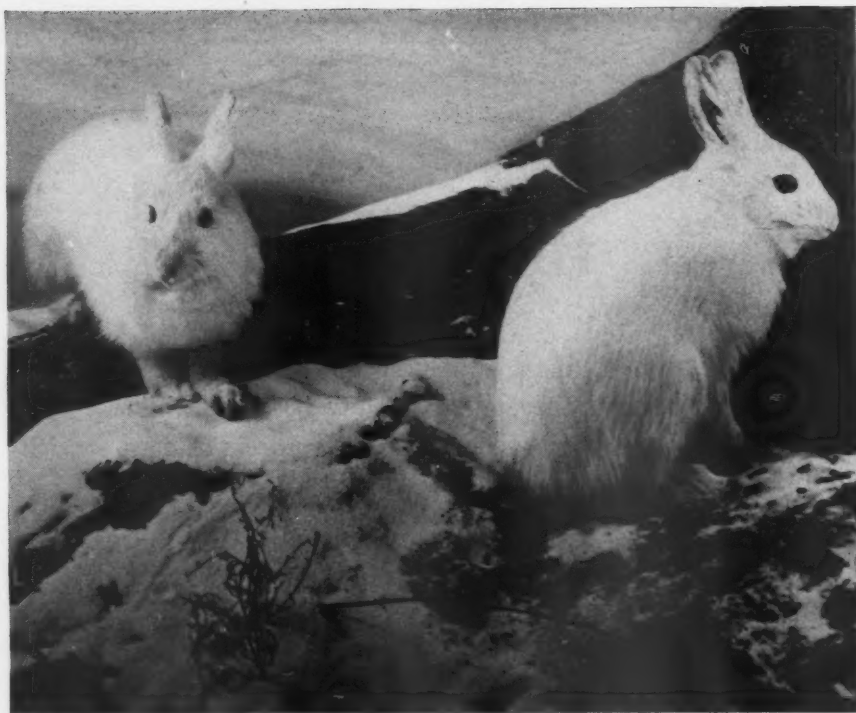
When the great slavery issue raged in this country, men differed so radically as to the way to win the battle that many who hated slavery were sometimes denounced by others engaged in the same struggle as traitors to the cause and sympathizers with the enemy. Even Abraham Lincoln had to bear his share of reproach by those whose extreme views he could not accept.

Humane Society workers have from the beginning been subject to this tendency to divide, to misjudge and to criticise. There are always some people who have no patience with the men and women who refuse to adopt their methods or accept their views. If you are not with them all the way they frankly tell you that you are against them.

Then there are some who, although often extravagant in their views, nevertheless respect your attitude as you respect theirs, and who are glad to go with you as far as you can go and, when you cannot follow, bid you well and continue the work in friendship. What our cause has suffered because of the differences that have arisen between those equally devoted to its interests and its aims, some of us know all too well. As in politics and religion, there are always those who turn their backs upon you for good, unless you see eye to eye with them.

Years ago, our own Dr. Rowley, commenting on the same problem of discord, said, "There is need among all those contending against cruelty in its many forms of the spirit of a large tolerance, the spirit that refuses to question the sincerity and fidelity of those who differ and which claims as a friend and ally every man, woman and child who will lift even the weakest hand against the cruelties that still lay their heavy burdens upon man and beast." What Dr. Rowley said then is equally true today. Let us hope, then, for more harmony and a complete sense of honesty in dealing with our problems.

E. H. H.



Nature's Own Snowshoes

By John H. Spicer

MOTHER NATURE has been wise enough to provide snowshoes for many of her children who have to spend the winter in the north where the snow is soft and deep. These animals and birds grow their own snowshoes every fall and get rid of them in the summer.

The best pair of such snowshoes and probably the best known is worn by the bunny with snowshoes who hops through these northern woods. Most people know him as the Snowshoe Rabbit, but naturalists who wish to be exact call him the Varying Hare because they say the animal is really a hare and not a rabbit. The Varying, of course, comes from his habit of wearing a white coat in the winter that makes it so much harder for his enemies to see him. All hares and rabbits have big hind feet, but this fellow has much bigger ones in proportion to his size than have any of his cousins. Then in the winter each hind foot grows a big pad of fur that makes them bigger still so that they travel easily over the soft snow without sinking into it. When one sees these tracks in the woods, the marks of the enormous hind feet are so many times bigger than the front ones that it

is hard to believe that they were made at the same time by the same animal.

Nature is impartial with her gifts however. Another common resident of the north and one of the rabbit's worst enemies is a big cat who slips through the snowy woods as silently as the falling snowflakes themselves. This is the lynx which makes its living in the winter time mainly by hunting rabbits. In the winter it too grows furry pads on its feet so that it can travel easily over the soft snow after its elusive prey.

Another familiar dweller in the snows of the mountains and the far north is the ptarmigan. Like the rabbits these birds turn white in the winter and also wear not only snowshoes but leggings too. Their legs and feet are covered with feathers right out to the ends of their toes. This not only keeps their feet warm, but the spreading feathers on the toes make very useful snowshoes.

Coming nearer home, the familiar ruffed grouse or partridge of our own woods also dons snowshoes each winter. In the fall the bird grows rows of stiff bristles from the sides of each toe that help it walk over the soft snow.

Here and There

Not So Smart

THEY tell of a man who came upon a pal poring over a chessboard. Opposite him sat a dog.

"Hey, what's going on?" asked the caller.

"Just playing chess with my dog," replied the pal.

"You're kidding! Whoever heard of a dog playing chess!"

"You're not only hearing — you're watching one play." And he made a move which the dog pondered, then countered.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed the dropper-in. "That's the smartest dog I've ever seen!"

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied the player; "I've beaten him four out of five games."

—The Kablegram

GENTLENESS and cheerfulness—these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. And it is the trouble with moral men that they have neither one nor other. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it, they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

WHEN we lack the society of our fellow men, we take refuge in that of animals without always losing by the change.

—Fabre

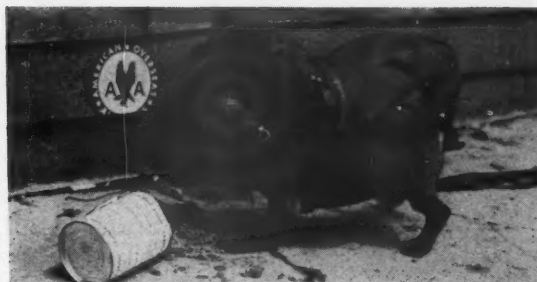
LONG centuries ago, centuries before our own era, in the days of that famous Oriental King Cyrus, he was asked by Croesus, a king whom he had conquered, why he made war. In his answer, Cyrus not only said that no man in his senses would prefer war to peace, but he also added, "Because in peace times, sons bury their fathers; in war times, fathers bury their sons."

A dog's life in

Pets of occupation forces gobble their first American meal.

By Tom Farley

post-war Europe



SINCE time immemorial, pets have shared the trials and vicissitudes of their human owners. Floods, fires, epidemics, wars, poverty and starvation all cause suffering to pets as well as to people. This is the case in Europe today. Post-war Europe, hungry and broken, has been, on the mere physical level of food and comfort, no less difficult for dogs than for human beings.

During the war, Europe's dog population decreased enormously. Dogs died of starvation, they were killed in bombings or under artillery fire, they were slaughtered for food by hungry people. Almost never in Europe today does one see a stray or homeless dog. Dogs that are left, mongrels included, have been kept by owners through all the violence of the war, and are highly valued. No dog need worry about a home. People are too glad to find a pet.

Yet, keeping a dog in most countries of Europe today entails a sacrifice on the part of the owner. In countries where food shortages are greatest, or where food is extremely expensive, the owner must share from his own plate.

In Germany, where food has been particularly scarce, the dog owner must divide a ration which is far from bountiful. The official ration allows only 1800 to 2000 calories a day for each person. When shared with a large and hungry dog, this ration becomes very slim.

For Germans who find it impossible to keep their dogs, there is, in the American Zone, a ready and highly desirable market. The American Occupation forces, military and civilian, have become, down to the last man and boy, dog fanciers. Virtually every American in the Occupation has acquired a dog. They mostly

bought them from Germans for cigarettes, for food, for clothes, for whatever was more valuable to the owner than was his dog. The enormous number of dogs among the Americans is something that astonishes any newcomer.

The Americans find many circumstances favorable to the owning of a dog. Good dogs are cheap, in the first place. A few cartons of cigarettes have been enough to buy dogs that would cost a hundred dollars or more at home. Food for the American is no problem. Army commissaries are at hand. Most commissaries keep canned dog food in stock, just as they keep baby food and other canned goods.

Aside from the vogue for dogs which has swept the American personnel, there exists a more practical reason for owning a dog. Dogs are kept as guards against burglary which is a constant threat to homes because of widespread poverty.

Occupation Service units cater to the craze for dogs, supplying various conveniences for dog-owners. The Armed Forces Network broadcasts a regular program, "Going to the Dogs," advice to the owner. *Stars and Stripes* runs a regular dog column. Royal Dutch Airlines and American Overseas Airlines fly specially heated cargo planes out of Germany to the United States periodically for owners who want to send pets (birds and cats and other animals) home.

But it must be emphasized that a dog's life with the Americans is not typical of the life a dog leads in Germany as a whole. Things must be tougher for dogs in the French and British Zones, as they are for people. The British and French live off the Germany economy, while the Americans bring in all food that they

eat. What a dog's life is in the Soviet Zone, where exploitation is reported severe, only God knows.

It has been interesting that in Berlin, during the Airlift, patrol dogs and guide dogs used by the blind were considered important enough to be allocated special rations. The tradition of dogs in police work is older and more common in Europe than in the United States. Dogs are standard equipment for many law enforcing groups. For instance, they are used in border patrol work in most countries — not only those countries behind the Iron Curtain, which has been much publicized — but by countries of Western Europe, too. The American Military Government has used them for border patrol, notably along the German-Czech frontier.

In Vienna, where horsemeat is still on the official ration and the population is absolutely bankrupt, the habitual legal formalities toward dogs are still preserved. They are very strict as in the old days. All dogs must be muzzled when on the streets. The Viennese explains this measure in a variety of ways. One man tells you that an outbreak of rabies years ago gave rise to the rule; another says it was designed to protect dogs from eating poisoned or decayed matter, after the first war. Whatever the reason, the effect is somewhat pathetic.

The great, prevailing fact in all parts of Europe today, however, is that people relinquish their dogs only as a last extreme. The instinctive love of pets is so deep that human beings are willing to sacrifice to keep them. Their place in society is so ancient and important that they seem a necessary part of the paraphernalia of normal life.

Mongrel Diplomat

By Shawn Dennis

PAT" was only a mongrel bulldog, but he was a born diplomat. White, with a grey spot on his back, homely, lovable Pat drew together the two communities of Mission and Ocean Beach, California.

He was a community project. The residents of Mission Beach pitched in to buy his collar and license. Every door was open to him, but he usually slept at the home of Commander John McNulty. He might have grown fat on the handouts if it hadn't been for galloping along the beach with the children.

"Bing," as he was called then, had a way of bringing people together. Those who lived in the same block for years as strangers became acquainted when Bing took a hand.

He even invaded the police department. Often the officers opened the patrol car door to let Bing jump in.

Then on Halloween night Bing disappeared. Vainly the children looked for the little bulldog. Hopefully the police scanned every yard and alley as they cruised around. No Bing.

Meanwhile in Ocean Beach just across the strand, a bulldog, minus a license tag, scampered along the beach and proceeded to get acquainted. How he got there no one knows.

The Ocean Beach boys accepted him, played with him and named him "Pat."

Pat loved the kids on the beach, but when night came he must have missed a place of his own to sleep, for late one chilly evening as Mr. Smith was setting out the garbage pail the dog struck him in the legs. Startled, the man jumped, then looked. Pat gave a friendly yip, then galloped for the living room door left ajar, and ensconced himself on the studio couch. When Al Smith entered, Pat opened one eye roguishly, and the man didn't have the heart to turn him out.

Pat adopted the Al Smiths from then on.

Settled in a home he began his job of diplomat in earnest. It was almost uncanny how he drew people together and broke down bars of reserve.

One July afternoon he trotted along with the Willis boys who lived not far from the Smiths. Ralph, the older of the two, swung a pail as they walked toward the Rocks near Silver Spray plunge where they were going crab hunting.

Nine-year-old Arthur, anxious to outdo his brother, ventured far out on the slippery rocks.

Suddenly Pat heard a choked grunt half-drowned by the breakers. Arthur was slipping over the edge of the big rock, over the cliff toward the surf many feet below. Pat turned and grabbed the seat of the boy's pants. He held on, his strong legs braced, every muscle straining, held on to a boy almost three times his weight. A woman screamed. Pat held on, held until Arthur's brother and others came to pull Arthur to safety.

Arthur Willis was alive only by the quick thinking of a mongrel bulldog. Pat was a hero. His picture with Arthur appeared in the paper, and Mission Beach found its lost community dog, but they hadn't the heart to ask for him. They went to visit him. Like a returning celebrity they brought him back to Mission Beach to see his old friends. At night, however, he was taken back to Ocean Beach.

Indian Names from Animaland

By Jasper B. Sinclair

THE North American Indians adopted bird and animal names long before white men set foot on this continent. As a result, the history of paleface pioneering is colored with the exploits of Indian chiefs like Black Hawk and Crazyhorse, as well as War Eagle, White Eagle, and Sitting Bull.

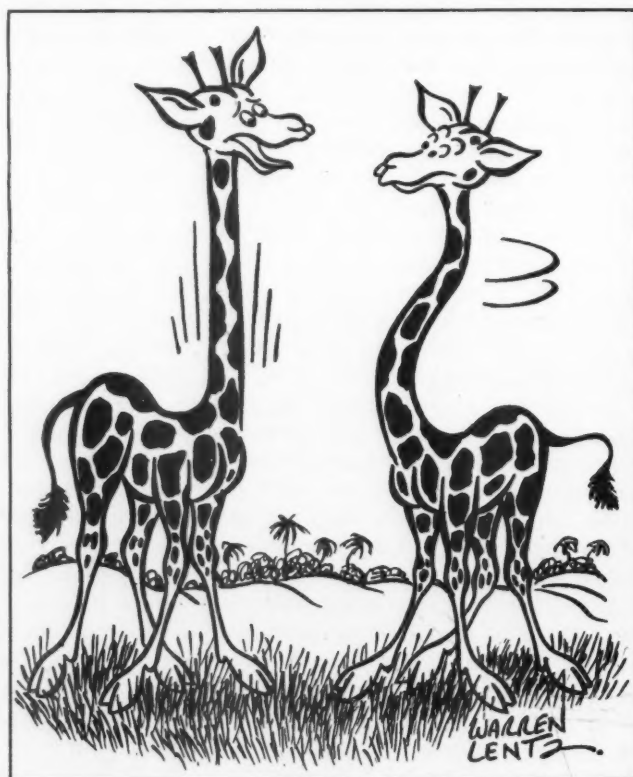
The Sioux Indian maiden who led the Lewis and Clark expedition safely through the passes of the Rockies on their westward trek to the Oregon country was known as the "Bird Woman" in tribal language.

Little Crow led the Sioux in one of that tribe's most costly raids on the white settlers; Spotted Horse, a Pawnee scout, had his place in the early settlement of Nebraska, and grizzled Indian fighters long recited tales of their campaigning against Chief Yellow Horse in the winning of the West.

The present-day descendants of such historic redskins boast a much more fantastic array of animaland namesakes. A recent census of residents in the Standing Rock Reservation, in the Dakotas, revealed that a Miss Kate Good Crow had as her nearest neighbor Barney Two Bears.

Elk Ghost and Mary Lean Dog also lived on the reservation, along with Jennie Dog Man and Mrs. Frosted Red Fish. Others included Francis Many Horses, Good Voice Elk and See the Bear.

Apparently the imaginative qualities of the red man and his squaw are not to be outdone by their perennial fondness for our feathered and four-footed friends of the animal world.



"HEY, SPOTTY, WHAT'S GOOD FOR A STIFF NECK?"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

HOW would you like to have another dog?" the man at the feed store asked as he handed me my package. "A fine dog — Airedale from champion stock, two years old and in the best of health. Had a course in obedience training and is good with children."

"Not me," I said. "I have two dogs and they are all I can manage in town."

"But this is no ordinary dog," he persisted, "and I've got to find a home for him before Saturday, or his owner, who is going east, will have him put away."

"But he can't do that!" I said, instantly up in arms. "That's — that's murder . . ."

The feed store man shrugged. "I know it, but that's the way it is."

"Well, don't let him do anything until you hear from me," I said, hurrying out. "I just remembered something."

Several weeks before, some friends living in the country had told me that thieves were making away with their chickens and that they wished they owned a good watchdog. No politician ever talked longer or more persistently than I did in selling my friends the idea of owning "Rusty."

"But we don't want a big dog," my friends said. "We sort of had our hearts set on a fox terrier or maybe just a mutt . . ."

"A mutt!" I scoffed, and then I put up every argument I could think of in behalf of Rusty. In the end I won and Mr. Whaley and I went to pick the dog up.

I must admit that I wasn't favorably impressed with Rusty the first time I saw him. He was larger than most Airedales and had not been trimmed in goodness knows how long. Long, matted hair hung over his eyes, and his chin whiskers looked as though he'd used them for a napkin.

Fortunately, Mr. Whaley didn't know an Airedale from a schnauzer, so Rusty looked all right to him, especially when he saw the dog's pedigree.

A week later, I went out to see how Rusty was getting along and found that in the course of time, my popularity had dropped to zero minus.

"You said he was a watchdog," Mr. Whaley accused, fixing me with an icy stare. "Why, that dog isn't worth his salt. I built him a snug dog house next to the chicken coop and what happened?"

I shrugged, fearing the worst.

"The first night — the very first night he was here, somebody came in and stole six hens and not a peep out of him!"

"Well," I said in quick defense of Rusty, "what did you expect? He was new here. How could he tell that the thief wasn't one of you? You've got to give him time . . ."

Mr. Whaley thought that over and presently admitted that there might be something in what I said. "Only thing is," he went on, half-convinced, "he never barks. Just lets people walk up to the house, all the time wagging his tail in the friendliest fashion . . . Why, a thief could steal me henless for all of him."

"You've just got to have patience," I reiterated, knowing that Mr. Whaley doesn't know the meaning of the word.

I could see that Mr. Whaley didn't approve of the idea. "If he doesn't know enough to keep prowlers away," he said sharply, "I haven't the time to teach him. And what's more," he went on, "I won't feed and house a dog that does nothing but chase rabbits and dig holes in the flower beds. I'm going to take him

Mr. Blue's New Friend

by Ina Louise Morris



Mr. Blue poses with Rusty.

to the pound, that's what I'm going to do."

"Oh, no," I said. "Give me a few days and I'll think of something. Surely, somebody will want a fine dog like him. Anyway, he's not going to the pound!" I said with determination. "Not if I have to take him myself."

The rest of the afternoon I spent in making calls in person and on the telephone. I talked and wheedled in Rusty's behalf, but nobody was interested.

"I feel terrible," I told my husband that evening. "The Whaleys are angry with me and I can't find Rusty a home . . ."

"Go out and get him," Jack said promptly. "We'll clean him up and run an ad in the paper . . ."

So I brought Rusty home. He and "Mr. Blue" struck up a friendship right away, but "Buddy Bearskin," looking the Airedale over and finding him only a trifle over six times his size, decided to give the big dog a working over.

While I was ordering Buddy to mind his manners, Mr. Blue stepped between him and the stranger. His black hair was on end and he was looking at Buddy out of the corners of his eyes as much as to say, "All right, if you want to scrap, I'll accommodate you, but tangle with this fellow, and it will be the end of you."

I dropped the clippers which I meant to use on Rusty, and picking Buddy up, I set him down outside the fence.

Continued on page 18

Cat Tales

**Some people may think
that all cats do is
eat and sleep —
but they
are wrong.**

Photo.
Stanley Bean

By Jewell Casey

GENERALLY speaking, cats do not make the newspapers as frequently as dogs, yet there are many interesting stories appearing from time to time. For example, the lives of a Bay City, Michigan, family were saved by an heroic kitten who awakened them when the house became filled with gas from a broken main.

When a Florida woman lost her sight she longed for a seeing-eye dog to guide her about the house. Unable to get one, she decided to try an experiment — she would train "Baby," her big white Persian. Now Baby guides her beloved mistress, making it possible for her to do her household tasks.

A Texas couple declare they are never late for work, and they don't have an alarm clock to awaken them. Instead, "Squeegie," a cat, every morning right on the dot, at exactly seven o'clock, awakens both master and mistress by gently patting their faces with a soft paw. Squeegie also has musical tastes — he will sit in front of the radio, listening attentively as long as there is music, but if a play begins, he immediately has business elsewhere.

"Stinky," now up in years, is another cat who adores music, according to his New Britain, Connecticut, master. When just a kitten, Stinky would curl up and listen to music over the radio, and when the radio was turned off he would become restless. It was not long, however, until

he learned to turn the radio on, then he could enjoy his music whenever he so desired.

Then there is another music-loving cat belonging to a Detroit family. When "Hep-Cat" is outside and someone starts playing the piano, she will get in as quickly as possible. She will then jump up on the piano and try to rub noses with whoever is playing. In case the door is closed when the music begins, Hep-Cat will scratch and cry piteously until she is admitted. The music seems to excite her somewhat, but nevertheless, she loves it.

Because his pet cat made so much noise by pounding on the mail-box when wanting inside, a Burlington, Iowa, man devised a special doorbell. The bell is attached to the mail-box, and when the cat wishes, she merely pushes the bell with her paw and someone lets her in.

An Arizona rancher was greatly mystified because the lights would come on in the barn around the same time every night. Deciding to solve the mystery, the rancher took his place in the barn a short time before the lights usually appeared. Very soon he heard soft footsteps and then the lights were on — his pet mother cat and her kittens were playing a game with the light cord!

Much to the annoyance of two Kansas City patrolmen, they made two hasty runs in answer to a burglar alarm from the same building, but each time failed to

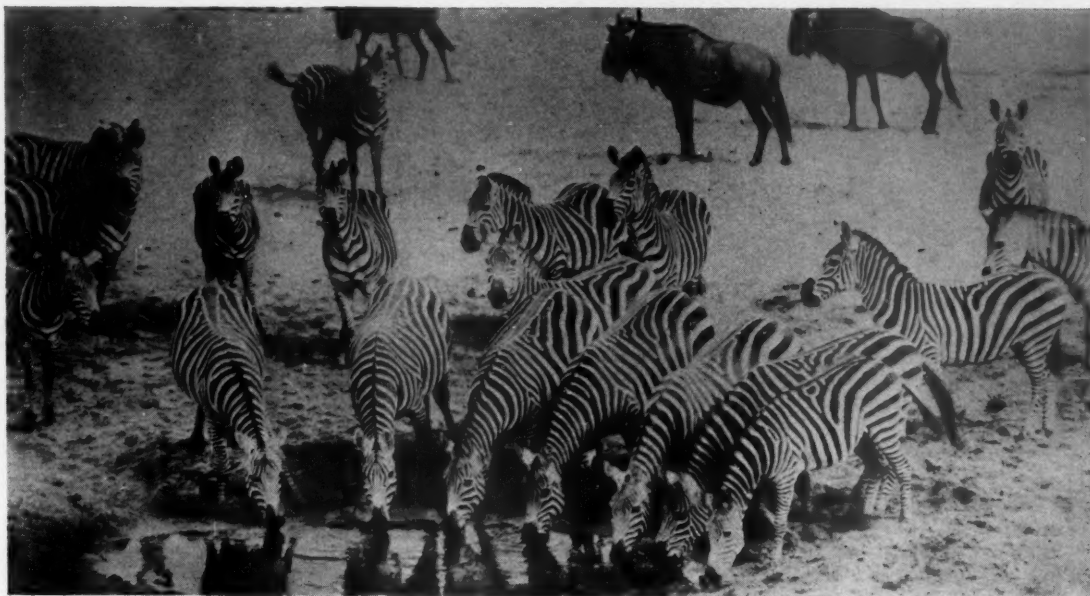
discover the culprit. After the bell rang for the third time, the perplexed officers decided to make a thorough investigation. Silently they crept into the building, guns in hands, when a small figure caught their attention. It was the store cat scratching his back against the electrical contact posts of the alarm!

"Boots" is "watch cat" at the hamburger stand of his Kansas City master. The master declares that Boots has an acute instinct for telling the difference between a thief and an honest citizen. The cat is credited with frightening one burglar away, and was responsible for the capture of another.

"Will" and "May" were plain alley variety of cats that were dropped when wee kittens at the home of a kind farmer in Louisiana. Soon the kittens showed remarkable ability in finding hidden articles. Not only can they find the hidden objects put in ordinary places, but they will open boxes, or climb on the back of chairs to obtain the objects out of a pocket of a coat hanging on the wall. Will and May are different in other ways from most cats — they have no fear of water, in fact they actually like to wade, and when told it is "bath time" they will come on the run.

In the time of Howell, the Good King of Wales, in the 900's, the cat who guarded the king's granary was held in such high esteem that no one could harm it under the law.

Who's Who in Animal Land



These four-legged barber poles are sometimes known as —

Horses in Tiger Skins

By Walter St. Clair

FOR so beautiful a creature as the zebra, there seems to be nothing romantic about him except, perhaps, his striped coat which, as we have pointed out, has earned him the various nicknames of the "four-legged barber pole" and the "horse in a tiger skin." Oddly enough, no bizarre stories or strange beliefs have ever fastened themselves to this member of the horse family.

Exclusively a native of Africa, the zebra has many points in common with the donkey. Both have short, erect manes and tails free from long hair on the upper portion. There appear to be several distinct types of this animal, some of which range the mountains exclusively; some who prefer the open plains. However, for our purpose, we shall not attempt to differentiate among these groups.

Suffice it to say that the zebra is beautiful and distinctive because of his peculiar colorations. The entire head, body and legs, with the exception of the underparts and insides of the thighs, are striped. The question has been raised from time to time whether the zebra is white with black stripes or black with white stripes. However, competent authorities declare that this animal's ground color is white, the stripes black and the muzzle a bright brown. All four legs are banded down to the hoofs.

One species, inhabiting Southern Africa, is often noticed in company with other animals, such as buffaloes, blue wildebeests (or gnus), elands, antelopes and ostriches, and even, at times, with domestic cattle and horses. Under normal circumstances, these animals are not particularly wary and are often so inquisitive

that they will trot close to a caravan. In some instances they have been tamed and used as coach horses, a colorful team, you'll agree.

The beautiful coloring of the zebra has its materialistic value, as well as one purely esthetic. This striking striped livery, under certain conditions, blends so well with high grass or scrub that the animal is rendered almost invisible to its enemies. It is camouflage supreme and one of the zebra's most important means of defense.

Dwellers in the African provinces have their troubles with these animals just as we, in North America, have trouble with an overabundance of the deer population. In their search for food, zebras sometimes do great damage to crops and fencing. However, as they are such inoffensive animals, they are in most cases left in peace.



Let's journey to Animaland

WE take off for that most amusing of all places, Animaland, where we find, on this short excursion, a few of our domestic friends in various poses and activities.

Here is a telephoning cat; a dog seeking a college degree, perhaps; a curious dalmatian; a canine miner, ditch digger or, maybe, construction engineer; a cat and dog "entente cordiale"; a horse and his little mistress.

Far from being posed pictures, these photographs were all taken with the animals entirely unaware that a photographer was about the premises. After all, animals are exceedingly natural creatures — not "poseurs" in any sense of the word.



Is this little dog going to the end of the line to receive his degree? But, perhaps, he's just looking for his

"Hello, is this the butcher? Send over a pound of your very best ground beef, please — right-a-way, if you can."



ALL IN THE FAMILY

Certainly, "Buster" doesn't mind if "Tabby" decides to stretch out over him and take a cat nap. After all, they are pals — eat from the same dish, share the same bed at night and lord it over the same household and play tag with each other at all hours of the day and night.

PHOTO CREDITS

- Cat at 'Phone — Carson Ackert
- Dog and Graduates — Dante O. Tranquille
- Baby and Dog — Georgia Engelhard
- Cat and Dog — Howard B. Graves
- Digging Dog — Harry Fujita
- Girl and Horse — Connie Rounds



free? After all, didn't he attend classes,
for his master.



"Hurry up and get clean," says Mr. Dalmatian. He wants his pal to get dressed and come out to play, instead of dallying in the bathtub. But he won't leave him alone. You never can tell what might happen and he wants to be on the spot if anything should occur where his help might be needed.

May we introduce little Sherry Brewer who is holding out a meager luncheon in the direction of a yearling colt inquisitively peering at her from his stall. Sherry and the colt, by the way, are fast friends.

DIGGING FOR TREASURE

And here's "Trixie" starting an excavation in the sand. Who knows, he may turn up treasure long buried by those pirate captains, Kidd or Morgan. Again, maybe he's seen his young master with pail and shovel making sand castles and canals beside the sea — or, of course, he may be just digging up a long forgotten bone.



stretch out
- eat
it over the
ours the

Alphabet of Queer Animals

By Jerry Cassidy

A is for *AYE-AYE*, found only in Madagascar. About the size of a cat, its color is dark brown and has remarkably long toes, with claws.

B is for *BANDICOOT*, a small animal similar to the kangaroo. All toes but the fore ones are extremely small.

C is for *COATI-MUNDI*, a tropical American, so-called because it sleeps with its nose against its belly. It has a long body and tail and long flexible snout.

D is for *DUGONG*, water mammal, allied to the manatee, with tail resembling that of a whale.

E is for *ECHIDNA*, native of Australia. It eats ants and lays eggs; has a long, horny, toothless bill and bird-like head. Because of its yellowish spine it looks somewhat like a porcupine.

F is for *FRILLED LIZARD*, another Australian. It spreads the loose skin of its neck like an umbrella when alarmed or enraged.

G is for *GNU*, a South African animal with appearance between ox, horse, and antelope.

H is for *HOWLER*, a monkey with a deep, powerful voice. Fifty or more have been known to join in singing.

I is for *IBEX*, a wild goat of Asia Minor, ancestor of our domestic goat.

J is for *JERBOA*, a jumping mouse from desert regions of Egypt. It has very long hind legs and long tail.

K is for *KOUPREY*, a large animal discovered in Indo-China only a few years ago. A horned animal as large as a horse and looks somewhat like an ox.

L is for *LEMUR*, native of Madagascar, form and color like a monkey, but with fox-like face and long tail marked by alternate rings of black and white.

M is for *MOHR*, a gazelle living in North Africa. This animal produces bezoar, medicinal substance supposed to be an antidote to poison.

N is for *NILGHAI*, large antelope of India, with unusual coloring of bluish-gray, and long, heavy hair on the throat.

O is for *OKAPI*, member of the giraffe family from Belgian Congo. The forehead is red; cheeks yellowish white; neck, shoulders and body range from jet-black to purplish-red.

P is for *PANGOLIN*, a burrowing mammal native to Asia and Africa, sometimes called the scaly anteater. Its body and tail are completely protected by large, horny scales.

Q is for *QUAGGA*, zebra-like animal of South Africa with stripes on face, neck and half-way down its back.

R is for *RATEL*, a small animal of South Africa, somewhat like a badger in size and form. Extremely fond of honey.

S is for *SAIGA*, sheeplike antelope of Siberia. Its widely separated nostrils, muzzle curved downward, tufts of long hair beneath the ears and eyes, combine to give this creature a most peculiar look.

T is for *TAPIR*, found in South and Central America, also in India. A large mammal with heavy body, stout legs, four front and three hind toes.

U is for *UAKARI*, monkey of South America. Has a bright red face and coat of long, beautiful, silky hair.

V is for *VICUNA*, South American of the camel family, exceptionally fleet-footed and active.

W is for *WOMBAT*, a burrowing mammal of Australia and Tasmania. About the size of a badger, but because of its shuffling gait is somewhat like a small bear.

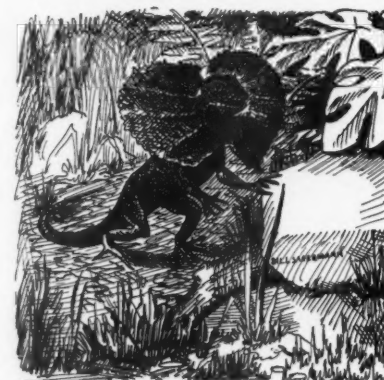
X is for *XERUS*, an African ground squirrel. It has a long bushy tail, very small ears and a squirrel-like face.

Y is for *YAPOK*, water opossum of South America. Rarely seen because it comes out only at night. Most beautiful of all opossums.

Z is for *ZEBU*, humped ox of Asia, has been domesticated since remote antiquity. This animal oddity has short horns, large pendulous ears, large dewlap, huge hump over shoulders.



Anteater Pangolin



Fancy Frilled Lizard



Meet Doctor Mohr



One of a Howler Chorus

Animals Have Character

By Charles Pulliam

SOME people might argue that animals are not human, but don't listen, because I know better. I've been in the small college town of Columbia, Missouri, for three years, and by far, the most interesting characters I have met are dumb animals.

Students are notably humane in their treatment of animals (also professors), so Columbia abounds in well-fed, well-treated animals which range from pure-bred, dainty house dogs to street urchins that are just plain dog, alley cats of a variety, and numerous squirrels.

Animals have a peculiar way of doing things that cause them to appear almost human, and once you associate a specific action to a particular animal, he becomes an individual character. A closer bond of kindredship springs up inside you toward the animal in question.

Two such incidents happened here recently.

A neighbor spread out a bushel of walnuts on his rooftop last week for drying. A few days later he went up to investigate and found only two walnuts.

Angry, he started downstairs to report

the theft, when suddenly the culprits returned to the scene of their crime. Two squirrels leaped from a tree onto the roof, grabbed the two remaining walnuts and disappeared into a hole in the tree.

Well, the neighbor got a laugh and somewhere, stowed away, is a bushel of walnuts that will feed hungry squirrels this winter.

Of course I don't know how many squirrels participated in this little crime, but I associate the act with a couple of chipper fellows that live in a tree just outside my window. It makes them distinctive, and I never see them scampering up and down the tree without thinking of a bushel of black walnuts. They face the coming winter too serenely not to be prepared.

A second incident happened to a very good friend of mine, a yellow streaked alley cat.

Ordinarily Tom spends his time sitting on the street corner, doing nothing in particular, just watching the people pass.

Evidently he grew bored with the uneventful life because the other night he showed up in a nearby theatre. He didn't



come in the front entrance and seat himself according to good theatre manners. Tom entered from a side door and walked boldly out on the stage, sat down, silhouetted against the screen, and became engrossed in the news. The audience howled.

Just after the news, a comedy flashed on the screen. This didn't suit Tom's taste at all; he watched a moment, yawned, and paraded off the stage amid the laughter and cheers of the audience.

Tom is an individualist and upholds my contention that dumb animals aren't so dumb.

Story of "Rover" who risked his life

By William Cleveland

IF it were possible to look back 5000 years to Egypt we would find that dogs had been domesticated even in the ages prior to 3000 B. C. During all the years since that time, there have been accounts and stories of the faithfulness of these friends of man. One of the latest instances of this self-sacrifice and devotion comes from California.

Early this year, the snowfall in the mountains had been unusually heavy. Rover, a Shepherd dog, had accompanied his master on his job of surveying the snow for his employer — a large gas and electric company. In his cabin near the Nevada border, the man was suddenly taken ill one night, due to exhaustion from battling the deep snow.

For long, dreary, hungry days, Rover guarded his master. Finally he could

stand the quietness and hunger no longer. Searching for a way out of the cabin, he went into the attic, broke through a glass window and jumped into a seven-foot snowdrift around the building. Realizing there was no help near, Rover made his way through twelve miles of snowdrifts that were often fifteen feet high. For two long weeks he had starved, yet the love for his master and the dog's indomitable courage forced him onward until he finally reached the town of Markleville. He was exhausted and his paws and mouth were bleeding, yet, driven by a will power few men could equal, he had made a heroic effort to obtain aid for his master.

When Rover appeared in town he was recognized, and parties of men soon gathered and slowly made their way to the

cabin. Skis, snowshoes, tractors, and snowplows were used. Yet the dog had succeeded in making his way without help and in a starving condition to town. When the men finally arrived at the cabin, they found that Rover's master had died of a heart attack while in his sleeping bag.

Rover is recovering from his terrible experience, but his courageous fight against cold, starvation, deep snows, and weakness was in vain — yet not entirely so, for those who read of his valiant and determined fight against the heaviest of odds may feel a renewal of courage and the will to continue their own battle against obstacles that beset them when they think of the devotion of Rover. Should we not reward such devotion with kindness and protection?



Photo by Lawrence Eagle-Tribune

Greater Lawrence youngsters, including Girl and Boy Scouts, also pupils from the Protectory of Mary Immaculate and St. Anne's Orphanage are shown above at the M. S. P. C. A. Farm, where, in a series of five meetings, they have been participating in an outdoor program of Humane Education and nature study under the direction of the American Humane Education Society.

Humane and Nature Study Program

WITH schools closed and vacation time at hand, the program of the American Humane Education Society is usually curtailed to pet shows, groups of children visiting headquarters, short talks, and showing of animal movies before summer camp groups. Mr. Albert A. Pollard, director of education, while visiting the Society's farm this late spring, realized that it was an ideal setting with its barns and farm animals, fine fields and pastures, for children to gain a first-hand understanding of farm animals and wild life. In addition, the farm could provide new and varied experiences in farm life for many girls and boys whose summer activities are limited by the confines of a city playground. Mr. Pollard expressed his thoughts to Joseph W. Haswell, the genial superintendent of the farm, who concurred with the idea, and, furthermore, had ideas of his own to make such a program possible.

Before long, an appointment with Mr. Hans Christensen, a local nature enthusiast, director of the Greater Lawrence Wild Life Club, and Scout Leader, was arranged. From that and subsequent meetings, a schedule of humane and nature study classes, combined with a program of sports and fun, was planned. It soon became evident that Mr. Christensen

had a host of friends among girls and boys, as well as leaders and public-spirited citizens of the Lawrence area. The program was to be entirely voluntary on the part of the participants, open to any interested girl or boy.

There was an immediate response, and a series of five meetings every other week was announced. Children and many parents came afoot, on bicycles, in cars, and in busses, and with happy shouts of approval began to explore this new wonderland of fields and forest. Then, wandering back to a grassy slope with horses, now retired from their days of toil, munching sweet clover nearby, the group assembled. Here Mr. Pollard informed the children of the purposes of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and its functions and advised how they could do their part to prevent suffering and neglect of animals. On following weeks he stressed proper care and feeding of animals and spoke of their contributions to mankind and our responsibilities toward them. Each talk was followed by a general discussion in which the children participated by asking many questions. To closely examine a horse, to help harness him, and then ride on his back was an experience never to be forgotten.

Then followed a period of sports, in-

Society and

cluding a baseball game. Usually a few girls played in the outfield. Finally came a day when the girls challenged the boys, and in a believe-it-or-not finish with a double play, the girls won the game.

Mr. Christensen, an authority on birds, always conducted a bird walk through the woods and by the river, revealing the pleasurable possibilities of identifying different species by distinctive marks and where to look for certain birds. En route to where a scarlet tanager or warbler had been, the habits and characteristics of many wild flowers were noted and the necessity of not picking certain scarce flowers was emphasized.

Then, as the shadows lengthened across the green meadows, picnic baskets were opened and amid laughter and snatches of conversation, the happy group had their supper. Fires were lighted, and on forks fashioned from alder branches, frankfurts began to sizzle over the coals. Closing the day with some old-time songs, there were cries of "Thanks a lot," "See you next time," as the busses drove off, and save for the creaking of the stanchions as the cows reached down for more corn stalks, all was quiet and peaceful at the old farm.

This program is the forerunner of one that will continue indoors during the winter with many prominent guest speakers and moving pictures of animals and wild life.

Housing of Dogs

A FRIEND of our Society, distressed at the way some dogs are housed, requested that we mention in our magazine the undesirability of keeping dogs in cellars. While some cellars may be dry and warm, others are damp, musty and dark. The cellar is not a good home for one's pet. If adequate shelter cannot be provided, it would be best not to keep a dog.

Service News

Cutting Dog's Tail

A MAN was recently fined \$25.00 for cruelly cutting a dog's tail.

One of our agents visited this man's home and found a large male, mongrel dog, six months old, with a two-inch stub of tail, raw and bleeding.

The man stated that he had cut off the animal's tail with shears, "because it was too long." Our agent instructed him to take the dog to a veterinarian for treatment, and had him brought into court on a cruelty charge.

The defendant pleaded not guilty, but, after listening to both sides of the story, the Judge found him guilty and imposed the fine, which was paid.

Rodeo Animals

IN response to a complaint, our officers inspected the animals at a Fair and found 16 horses, one pony, four Brahman bulls and four calves. The animals were in good condition except for one horse which showed scars from having been bruised. The owner claimed that the horse lay down in the chute when his rider went to mount. He was warned that he was heading for trouble by using the animal, and agreed to sell him. He was also warned about deringing of spurs before riding the horses and bulls, and promised to tape them. The calf roping was objected to, for fear of injuring the calves, so that part of the show was omitted.

Pony Laid Up

OUR agent examining Park ponies found one that was thin and suffering from heaves. The owner claimed that the pony was not suffering and said he did not wish to have it put to sleep, but he was warned that the animal was not fit for work and was in no condition to sell. He finally promised to lay the animal up, and not use or sell it.



L. Willard Walker, Chief Prosecuting Officer of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., presenting the medal to Motorman Marino.

Awarded Medal

LEO J. Marino of Medford, Rapid Transit motorman for the M. T. A., was recently presented with a bronze medal by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for the rescue of a dog.

As Mr. Marino was slowly pulling into the Dudley Street Station, he saw a medium-sized mongrel dog coming toward him on the track. He immediately stopped the train and hurried toward the animal, but, as he approached it, the dog jumped over the rail into the path of a train coming in the opposite direction. Nothing daunted, the motorman flagged the other train and, after several attempts, captured the dog and brought it to safety.

The animal was returned to its owner and Mr. Marino proceeded on his run.

When praised for his kind deed, Mr. Marino told of his fondness for animals and said he had a much-loved Irish Setter of his own.

Federation President

MR. Reed W. Hitchcock, Director of the Animal Department of the Connecticut Humane Society, was recently appointed President of the New England Federation of Humane Societies, succeeding Mr. Henry A. Frechette, deceased.

Rescue of Dog

A DOG trapped in the water under some brush, for about two hours, was rescued by one of our officers. The animal had been unable to get out of the river because of stone walls on the sides, rising three feet above the water line.



World Wide Photos

Waiting room at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, in Boston, where between 30,000 and 40,000 animal patients are treated annually.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



Mary Gildea (right) and Patricia Broderick, of Roxbury, stop at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital on their way to school, to cheer up "Jinks," one of the many patients.

"Robin" Comes Visiting

By Raymond O'Flynn, Galway, Ireland

ONE morning a few years ago I was having my breakfast when a young robin with only one leg alighted on the window sill. I threw some crumbs to him, and he ate them. The next morning, the same robin visited me again, only this morning, he alighted on the floor. I gave him some crumbs, and each morning after that, he visited me at the same time; and he received some crumbs from me. But, alas, one morning about three months later he failed to visit me, and that was the last I saw of my strange visitor.

The Stolen Duck Board

By Evelyn M. McGee (Age 15)

PRINCE Blackie" was a wonderful dog; at least I thought so.

Though he was part Boston Bull, he was a little bit larger than most Boston Bulls are. Prince Blackie was strong, active and agile. He loved to play with my brother and me. Even the adults on our street often came out of their homes to see him clear the sidewalk and a three-foot barberry hedge with a mighty jump, as he chased the ball my little brother and I threw for him.

He had powerful jaws which he often used to chew pieces of wood. Often he would tug on one end of a rope while my brother or I tugged at the other end. Mother used to say were it not for having Prince Blackie to tumble around with all day my brother would have the rest of the family worn out with his vitality.

The event that pleased my father most was the way he aided and abetted my brother, who was then four years old, in being the villain in "The Stolen Duck Board."

One day a man came to our house and asked for my father. When my father appeared at the door, this man, who we afterward learned was our new neighbor, said, "Your son stole my duck board and I think you should do something about it."

Father said, "How large is the duck board?"

"Eight inches wide, two inches thick and twelve feet long," was the reply.

"You must be mistaken. My son is only four years old and he could not possibly move that board," father said.

"That's how I know it is your boy. That dog that is always around with him helped him move it. The dog grabbed the front end and pulled and the boy got in the back and pushed. They took it over to my fence where the pickets are broken and together they pulled it halfway through for a see-saw. I know it was your boy because I recognized the dog and I think you should punish him for stealing my board."

Father thought that inasmuch as the board was only half off the man's property, my brother only half stole it, so he couldn't punish him for stealing. He just told him to leave the board alone hereafter.

"Tommy"

SO much interest was created by the story of "Homeless Tommy" in the October number of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** that we wish our friends who have inquired and offered to provide a home for him, to know that he is homeless no longer. He is now a loved member of a household and will be tenderly cared for, for the remainder of his life. We received inquiries from Maine, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and California, as well as Massachusetts. We are sure that he will be happy around his old haunts, with the people he knows.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Photo by Frazier-Teter

Thanksgiving greetings from Jeannie, who gives thanks for her two wonderful pets, "Fluffy" and "Blackie," who have grown up right along with her and are her constant companions.

My Kitten

By Betty Strohmeier (Grade 5)

*I have a little kitten
And he is very sweet
He has a funny tail
And darling, fluffy feet.*

*I gave him the name of "Trouble"
(A very suitable name)
He's always getting into trouble
And putting himself to shame.*

*Once he got on the table
And broke our very best bowl
And once he got into the garage
And dug a great, big hole.*

*But still I love my kitten,
For he's my only cat
He's roly, poly, and funny
And very, very fat.*

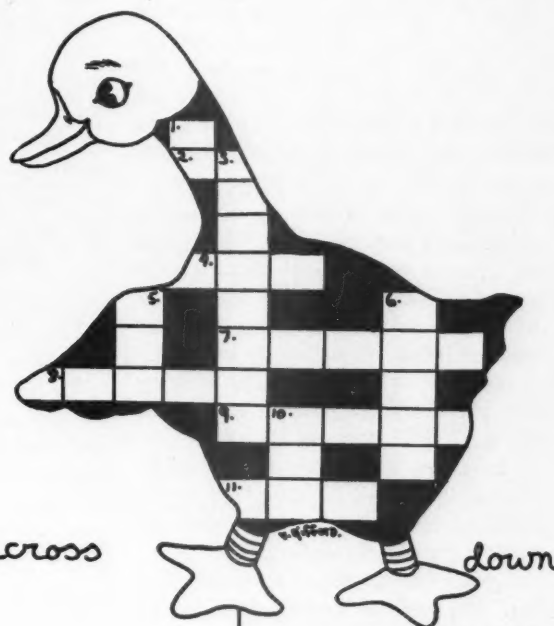
Lamb to Dove

YOU don't need a magic charm to change a lamb into a dove—at least, not on paper.

Can you change the word "lamb" to the word "dove" in four moves, by changing one letter at each move to form a new word?

ANSWER: Lamb, lame, lave, love, dove.

—Ida M. Pardue



across

down

2. US.

4. MONKEY.



7.



8.

9. ANNOY.

11. A COLOR.

1. CRY OF PAIN.

3.



5. BROTHER - ABBV.

6.



10. ORGAN OF SIGHT.

ANSWER to Crossword Puzzle which appeared in October:
ACROSS—1. cat, 3. inch, 6. B. C., 7. apple, 10. end,
11. old, 12. do, 13. V. DOWN—1. cabin, 2. ti, 4. nap, 5.
hull, 8. P. O., 9. Ed., 10. el., 14. B.

Dogs at Church

By Ewart A. Antry

"Mr. Blue's" New Friend

Continued from page 7

MY sermon was half finished and I was rapidly approaching the climactic point. Suddenly I noticed amused smiles on the faces of many in the audience, and heard titters among the youngsters. For a moment I couldn't understand it. I didn't think I was saying anything funny, and I began to wonder if I had pulled some boner.

Before long I saw the cause of the sudden amusement. Trotting down from the choir and directly toward the audience was a little spotted dog with his tail wagging happily and carrying in his mouth a lady's brand new slipper.

I am afraid my sermon started wandering at that point, as I grasped what had happened and tried to figure a happy ending. Some lady in the choir had slipped off a shoe. The little dog had wandered in by the ushers, and had found in the shoe a good plaything. He was headed outside for a big romp.

Several hands reached for him as he trotted down the aisle, but he sidestepped and kept on going. One usher squatted in the aisle and tried to block his passage. He merely detoured under a seat and came out behind the usher. It looked for a moment as if he would make it to the door, but two more ushers closed in on him, and finally captured the shoe.

I have seen many dogs slip by ushers and enter churches. Usually, the ushers would let them remain unless they insisted on creating some disturbance.

I remember a beautiful collie that often managed to attend church. He seemed to be a great lover of music, but I don't think he ever enjoyed my sermons. As long as the choir sang, he sat sedately and listened. As soon as I began a sermon he would lie down and go to sleep. When the choir began the closing number he would awaken and listen attentively. His owner was a member of the church, and I always figured that perhaps the collie had acquired some of his master's traits.

A spinster, who attended services quite regularly, had a nice little terrier that managed to attend occasionally. He would move up the aisle and search methodically for his mistress. Upon locating her, he would bounce into her lap like a rubber ball and implant a kiss on her cheek.

One man had taught his young setter to stand on his hind legs and bark when he was hungry. The dog managed to get to church one Sabbath, and located his master who was sitting next to an aisle. The pup sat in the aisle beside him, and cocked his head to one side as he watched me. The hands of the clock approached the noon hour, and that was his usual feeding time. Suddenly he became restless, and just as I was making my concluding statement he reared on his hind legs and barked three times. Since his master and I were good friends, I accused him later of planting the pup there to make sure that I realized when it was time to quit.

Usually, however, dogs that attend church behave very nicely. I wouldn't make the claim that they are better than other dogs, but I would say that some of them stay awake and behave almost as well as their owners.

Kitty's Nine Lives

AS any cat lover knows, a feline pet has just one life. Still—there's the old saying about Kitty and her nine lives.

To tell the truth about this is to rattle the skeletons in kitty's closet. For many centuries the cat had a bad reputation. She not only flew around with witches, but turned into one of the wicked ladies now and then. Or visa versa. At any rate, a witch was supposed to be able to assume the form of a black cat at will.

For this reason, no one dared to kill a black cat. There was no way to tell whether a black cat was, indeed, a cat—or a witch in cat disguise. Not that anyone was against killing a witch, but what was the use of killing a witch-cat? As fast as one was killed it just became another cat—nine different times.

Kitty's nine lives were, however, given to her long before this. She lived them in ancient Egypt, a heritage, no doubt, from Pasht, a moon goddess with the head of a cat, who had nine lives of her own.

The cat of old Egypt was a favored creature, indeed. Protected by both laws and superstition, she lived out her nine lives.

—Ida M. Pardue

With peace temporarily restored, I went to work on the Airedale. Patiently, he stood on the picnic table while I snipped and slashed at his unruly coat. It wasn't a professional job, but when the tangled mass of hair had been removed, the fine lines of his long, straight body were manifest. I finished with a warm bath, a rubdown, and a brisk brushing.

From that minute on he was a changed dog. He ran around the yard, prancing like a race horse, tossing his head and barking from the sheer joy of being clean.

Later that day when I went to the pet shop for dog food, I took Rusty's papers with me.

"So that's how it is," I told the man at the pet shop. "Do you think you can help me?"

After one glance at Rusty's pedigree, he emitted a long whistle. "Well, I guess yes!" he said. "Bring the dog down and let me have a look at him. If he's as good as these papers indicate, I'll place him in jig time."

So Rusty took another ride. The pet store man looked him over and put him through his paces. "You wait while I put through a call," he said, when he'd finished.

"It's all set," he beamed a minute later. "Friends of mine are coming right down."

So Rusty and I waited, and as I stroked his ears, an all-gone feeling settled in the pit of my stomach. Maybe he wasn't a watchdog — maybe he wasn't very pretty, but he was gentle and lovable and Mr. Blue liked him. Maybe, I thought, with rising hope — maybe the pet store man's friends wouldn't take him. Maybe I could get Jack to fence off the back yard so that Buddy would have a run to himself. Even as I conjured up false hopes, a young couple was getting out of a car and coming eagerly toward me.

"So this is Rusty," the young man said, dropping down and offering the dog his hand. I waited. If Rusty turned his head away, then the dog stayed with me. He just had to like his master otherwise . . . But Rusty wasn't turning away. He was sniffing the man squatted on the sidewalk, his hair, his face. Then deliberately, he lifted a shaggy paw and placed it in the outstretched hand.

HUMANE LITERATURE

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